

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

FIGURED IN OIL DISCLOSURES



Joseph C. Sibley, the Pennsylvania congressman whose name figured in the recent Standard Oil disclosures of W. R. Hearst, will not be so directly affected by the unpleasant revelations as the Ohio statesman, for the Keystone man voluntarily retired from congress a couple of years ago and has not sought political preferment since. While he was in the house he occasionally shot up into the limelight for a moment, but upon the whole was considered a faithful if not a brilliant representative of his district. At one time he made an attack upon the president from the floor of the house which attracted considerable attention, and at the time of the postoffice scandals some unpleasant attention was attracted to Sibley by the discovery that a company in which he was heavily interested had an important contract for furnishing supplies to the postoffice department.

Sibley was born 57 years ago in New York, and after teaching school, farming, merchandising and selling goods on the road he struck a paying lead as an oil producer and amassed considerable wealth through the medium of a signal oil.

He went into politics while still comparatively young and was elected mayor of Franklin, Pa., at the age of 25. He was a Democrat in those days, and it was that party which sent him to congress in 1892. He was one of the original free silver boomers, but his convictions underwent a pronounced change later on, for in 1900, while still in congress, he reversed himself and became a Republican. A little incident like that did not, however, appear to affect his grasp upon his constituency, for he continued to be elected to congress by his new partisans.

He has been active in various cattle breeding, agricultural and dairymen's organizations, and it appears from the recent revelations that he also took something more than a mere passing interest in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company.

MAY GET SENATE TOGA



Ollie M. James, congressman from the First Kentucky district, will undoubtedly succeed Senator Thomas H. Paynter if a Democratic legislature is elected in that state. Here is the interesting pen picture of a prominent Democratic paper prints of him:

"He stands six feet four inches in a pair of No. 11 shoes that are filled completely by a pair of old-fashioned feet, shaped in the rows of the corn-field to tread the paths that lead to future greatness."

"He has size without symmetry, sort of thrown together carelessly as if nature in a good-humored, convulsive mood had done a big thing and did not have time to carve it into the shapeliness of an Apollo Belvidere. A party of Lilliputians could dance a minuet on his broad back. No Kentucky thoroughbred is wider through the heart than he."

"His eyes have caught and held a little blue of the sky with a little gray of the autumn fields. There is an expression of frankness and guile that at once assures an acquaintance that there is nothing to fear. His nose is only fairly good, not big enough, but intrusive enough for his broad facial background. Kindliness and good humor break in concentric circles about the mouth, whose dominant quality is gentleness, even weakness. One looks in vain for the sweep of jaw like a scimitar in full swing, bidding defiance to all comers. His chin should be a challenge instead of a compromise. Here is the keynote to Mr. James' whole character: a lack of masterfulness that may affect his career seriously if he does not overcome it."

"James is not the ordinary southern orator, smothering his audiences in flowers of rhetoric and blowing bubbles of wit and fancy just to amuse the crowd. His speeches are models of clear-cut, vigorous English, and his sentences have, when necessary, the cutting power of a whip of scorpions."

"Whether in congress measuring merits with the Republican leaders on great national questions, before a chancellor arguing an intricate question of law, facing a jury in whose hands the life or property of his client is held or on the hustings with thousands of Democrats anxious to hear the word proclaimed, he is equally effective, his presence magnetic, his manner engaging and his resonant voice a never ending delight. He is 'Big Ollie' to his intimates and 'Plain Ollie' to every one else. He is easy to get acquainted with. There are no frills about him, no affectation and a wholesome welcoming atmosphere surrounds him."

HONORED BY FRENCH ACADEMY



Louis Frechette, the bard of French Canada, has been named as laureate of the French academy. While a most unusual honor, particularly since its recipient is a resident of this continent, it adds nothing to the distinction that is universally accorded Dr. Frechette as the last of that brilliant group of poets and novelists who have made French Canada and the simple life of the habitant known to the world. Of this group, Frechette and Drummond were undoubtedly the leaders, although Gaspe with his "Les Anciens Canadiens," Manette and Rouzier have all made enviable names in the world's literature.

Dr. Frechette was born in Quebec a half century ago, and was originally intended for the law. He abandoned that dry profession, however, and after a five years' residence in Chicago he returned to Quebec and plunged into politics. For a few years he was a member of the Dominion parliament, but politics, too, failed to hold his fancy and went over to Montreal and to literature. A legislative clerkship furnished him with a modest livelihood until the quaint charm and the charming revelations of life in French Canada made him independent. The place he occupies in the field of literature is peculiarly his own, and the habitant could have no more gently sympathetic chronicler.

Honors have come to the poet from many countries before this later tribute of the academy. He was elected a knight of the French Legion of Honor nearly 30 years ago, when two of his books were crowned by the Immortals. He has been given many high orders and decorations by the rulers of Great Britain and other countries, and he is accounted a member of many learned societies. He was lately president of the Royal Society of Canada.

AUTHOR IN POLITICS



Edward W. Townsend is another literary man who has broken into political life recently. He has been nominated for congress by the Democrats of one of the New Jersey districts. The Seventh New Jersey district, which will be the scene of his political efforts, has been represented in congress by a Republican for the last 15 years, but it is a close district and Townsend will only have a majority of a few hundred votes to overcome.

By the average reader Townsend is remembered chiefly as the creator of that unique and slantly interesting young gentleman, "Chimie Fadden," whose self-told adventures and experiences made interesting reading a dozen years ago. He also wrote the "Major Max" sketches, as well as several novels, sketches, plays and poems of varied sort. Although he was born in Cleveland, O., he lived much of his life in San Francisco, where he worked as a newspaper writer and where he first made a reputation as an author of clever special articles and humorous bits that were widely copied and quoted. For some years past he has worked on the New York newspapers, and has made his home in the pretty town of Montclair, N. J., within easy reach of the metropolis. The present is his first serious venture into politics.

WENT WITH "BILLY"

FIRST PROBLEM OF MARRIED LIFE EASILY SOLVED.

Young Bride Satisfied to Leave Her Family for Her Husband's Home—Action That Didn't Surprise Spinster Lady.

"Haven't you something to tell me, Annette?" asked the Spinster Lady. The girl balanced herself lightly on the arm of her friend's chair and puckered her face thoughtfully.

"Well, no—o! That is, nothing definite. I can't make up my mind."

"You mean that you do not really know whether you love Billy or not?"

"Yes, I do love him—I'm sure of that; but I can't make up my mind to go so far away from all my people."

"In other words, you don't love him enough to give up everything for his sake, eh?"

Annette gave a troubled sigh. "I can't bear to have it put that way, for he is so dear, and I really do love him; but the question is, would I be content away off there with just Billy?"

"Well, dear, if you really love him you won't be content here without him."

"No, I realize that; but it all requires great thought, doesn't it?"

"Yes, and you are right to look on the question from every side before deciding. You must remember, dear, that when a woman really loves a man, she is ready to go with him to the end of the world."

"And give up all her people?" said the girl, wistfully.

"Not necessarily. Of course, it is very nice to live in the same town with your family, but comparatively few married women do so. Your own grandmother, for instance, came out to this country and never saw her people again, and yet she was a very happy woman."

"Yes, that's so; and mother lived far away from grandmamma the first ten years after she and father were married."

"It is simply a question of strength of your love, dear. If you love Billy as you should love the man you marry, you will be quite happy even if you are far from all the dear home people."

"I will miss mother so dreadfully."

"Of course you will, but your mother thoroughly understands that your love for her is just the same as ever; but a wife's duty to her husband comes first."

The girl crept closer to the Spinster Lady and gazed dreamily into the distance.

"I think," she said softly, "that I'll go with Billy. I could not bear to think of him so far away and so lonely. You see, mother has father and the girls, and Billy has only me."

The Spinster Lady, who dearly loved a romance, laughed contentedly.

"I thought you would decide that way," she said.

Then for a few minutes the two friends sat in silence.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

As to Mr. Maugham.

They were discussing the proper pronunciation of the name of W. Somerset Maugham, the new English dramatist, who suddenly burst on London a few months ago with four plays, and whose "Jack Straw" is now being given on Broadway.

"That name is pronounced 'Mawm,'" declared one who had been in London.

"No—it's surely 'Mawm,'" opined somebody else.

"'Mawm' is better," declared another.

"Why not 'Muggum'?" said one who inclined to the facetious.

And they grew quite heated about it. "Why, of course it's 'Mawm!'"

"It's—it's 'Mawm!'"

"No!—'Mawm!'"

"'Muggum'—by all means."

Until finally one who had done nothing so far but show signs of growing impatience and ennui suddenly brought his fist down on the table.

"Mum's the word!" he shouted.

That ended the discussion.

His Reason.

The village postmaster and one of the leading politicians were holding an earnest conversation near the entrance of the post office. Perched upon the steps a street urchin was drinking in every word of the discussion, when the pastor of one of the village churches came out of the building.

Recognizing in the urchin one of his Sunday school boys, he called him aside and began: "John, it is wrong, very wrong, of you to try to pry into the affairs of others. Don't you know that it is impolite to listen to the conversation of grown ups?"

"Sure, I know it is impolite," replied Johnnie, "but it is all right this time, 'cause Deacon Smith said he'd give me a quarter if I found out what them two men were talking about."

One of Dumas' Sentences.

The prize for the longest sentence ever written may fairly be awarded to the elder Dumas, who probably holds a further record for fertility of production. In the seventh of the 29 volumes which compose the "Impressions de Voyage," there is a sentence describing Benvenuto Cellini which fills three pages, or 108 lines, averaging 45 letters apiece. The sentence is broken by 68 commas and 60 semicolons, but as it contains 195 verbs and 122 proper names, the reader is somewhat bewildered before the end is reached.



HE ELECTROCUTES THE WHOLE CREW

I never slept a wink that night after the phosphorus episode, when I painted the wild steer so it looked like a four-legged ghost, and scared the crew so they nearly deserted the ship, because the captain ordered, as I supposed, that I be cast overboard the next morning, to give the sharks a meat sandwich, and all night I tried to prepare myself for death, though I could not help thinking that in some way I would escape.

The next morning I got up and collected all the shoes of the officers, and got a blacking brush and began blacking them. Soon there was trouble, because every man missed his shoes, and they began to hunt for them, and they found me working at the shoes and singing: "Pull for the shore, brother," and such pious hymns.

I was dressed up in my Sunday clothes, and when the captain got his shoes he wanted to know what was the meaning of my sudden industry, and the funeral aspect all around, and I told him I had heard him tell the crew to chuck me overboard, and I was preparing myself for death, and I gave him a letter to mail to Pa. after I was gone, and told the captain I was ready. "Why, you dumb fool," said the captain, "it was not you I mean to throw overboard, but that phosphorus steer that we killed last night. They are hauling it up out of the hold now with the tackle. We will save you for a worse fate."

Well, I never felt so happy in my life as I did when that dead steer came up through the hatchway, and was launched over the side, and when I saw the flock of sharks jump on the steer and begin to hunt for the tenderloin, I let out a yell of joy that sounded like the cry of a timber wolf.

Then I got what was coming to me.

going to shoot, when the crew drew revolvers and told him that if he pulled a trigger they would annihilate every officer on the boat, and take charge of it themselves, and run it into the first port. He said the crew could stand anything except eating diseased cattle, and that they drew the line at steers that had died of rinderpest.

The captain was stunned, and said the beef flying through the air was good, and he got it from cold storage in Baltimore, and asked that a committee go with him down in the hold and see the evidence, and a committee was appointed to go down and see about it.

When they came back they were satisfied, and the captain asked them how they got the idea the meat was bad, and when it came to that I felt as though some one would squeal on me, and as I started to make a get away, and hide somewhere until the storm blew over, one of the crew took me by the neck and said to the captain: "This young man told us about the meat."

The captain told the fellow that had me collared to take me to his cabin, and he came in pretty mad, and called in a few officers, and they were getting ready to kill me, when I thought of the little electric battery in my pistol pocket.

It is one I got in St. Louis to scare people with. I can turn a button, and the battery will send electricity into my arm and through my body, and I turned the dings, and felt the electricity going through me like ginger ale up your nose, and when they had got ready to maul me I began to weep, and told the captain I was no saint, but I wanted a quiet life, and all the fun I could have, and I asked him as

my ears off to serve on toast, I gave him the limit, and he curled up like a German dachshund and laid down on the mat, making motions with his mouth as though he was repeating poetry, and he said: "Kape away from me, ye hoodoo," and he crawled out so quick it almost broke the door.

The captain and mate laughed every time I shook hands with any of the crew, and when I had paralyzed them all, and got them so scared they would come to me if I whistled, and eat out of my hand, the captain said I was worth more toward maintaining discipline on the boat than a whole police force, and he wanted me to do something every day to keep the crew from being lonely, so that night at supper time I charged all of the steel knives and forks with electricity and got two nigger chasers ready for business.

It was to be the last night before we landed in France, and I was prepared to make it a meal long to be remembered. I sat next to the captain, and that brought me right close to the crew's table, and when the crew filed in and took their places, they all looked at me as though I was the devil instead of an "angel child."

I had a match all ready and when the supper was put on and the crew grabbed their knives and forks they were shocked real hard, and they dropped them and yelled something like the swear words of each nationality, and then I put my nigger chasers down on the floor, headed for the crew's table, and lit the fuse.

Well, you know how nigger chasers will chase. Gee, but they went under the crew's table, smoking and hissing, the sparks flew, and the brave crew got up and run out on deck yelling "fire" and "murder," and "damn that boy," and the man in charge of the fire hose turned it into the cabin and drowned everything out, and the crew run away and hid, and when things cleared off the captain said: "Boy, I like a joke as well as anybody, but you have overdone this thing, and I am mighty glad we land to-morrow, and you can go to your pa and his confounded airships, and may the Lord have mercy on him."

Then we went to bed, and I expected some of the crew would stab me before morning, but I guess they were too much rattled.

Gee, but I am dying to see Pa, and help him spend government money for eatings, seems as though I haven't had a square meal since my chum and I struck that community near St. Louis, as escaped balloonatics.

Normal College for China.

The new Chinese board of education proposes to establish a shih-fan hauch-tang, or civil normal college, in Peking, for training teachers for service in the various civil schools and colleges throughout the empire. In addition to Chinese classics, says Harper's Weekly, English, French, German, Russian and Japanese will be taught in the proposed college, under the instruction of experienced teachers. The college will be established in the Chinese city in the course of the present year, and the annual expenditure is estimated to be about 100,000 taels (about \$70,000).

Not Exactly Proper.

Him—How do you like my duck suit?

Her—It looks like a misnomer to me.

Him—A misnomer?

Her—Yes; it makes you look more like a goose.—Chicago Daily News.

once because the coffee was weak, and I gave him a squeeze that sent a shock through his system that loosened his teeth, and when the captain alluded to me as the angel child who was loaded for fear and who had a charmed life that could not be destroyed by knives or guns, the Greek looked at me in a respectful way; as though he didn't want to have any more truck with me.

Then a big Welshman came up and shook my hand, and when I gave him the third degree he let go and jumped out of the window of the cabin, on deck, and began to use language that was equal to Russian, and then a Swede came bowing to me, thinking I must be at least a crown prince, and when I squeezed his arm, he looked at his fingers and his arm and trembled and squirmed and said: "Ah tank a got yim yains," and he lit out in a hurry.

A small Irishman came next, and as he was the one who promised to cut

I Gave Him a Squeeze That Sent a Shock Through Him That Loosened His Teeth.

The Captain Got Up on a Chair and Pulled a Revolver and Was Going to Shoot.

The captain gave me a swat across the jaw for making noise enough to scare the crew into mutiny, the mate gave me a kick when I started for the cook's galley, and several of the under officers hit me, and by the time I got my apron on to help cook dinner I was bruised and mad, and decided to get even with the captain. I am a peaceful citizen until somebody walks on my frame, then I become a terror to the foe.

When we began to fry the beef for dinner I told one of the crew that it was a shame to feed men on steer meat, when the steer had died in its stall of Texas fever or rinderpest, and before we got the meat cooked, ready for the dinner of the officers and crew, every man but the officers had talked over the dead steer, and resolved that they would not eat it, and when they sat down to the table, and I began to bring in the meat, they all looked like a mob of anarchists ready to murder somebody, and I helped all I could by saying in a whisper: "This is perfectly good meat, but this is a good day to fast, and you will live longer." The officers at the other end of the cabin were eating the steer all right, but the crew never touched it, confining themselves to the bread and coffee, and pretty soon one of the crew proposed that they show their displeasure by taking the meat and throwing it at the officers.

Well, if I live a million years I will never have so much fun again. About 30 men got up and grabbed the meat I had put on their plates, and began to throw it at the captain and mate, and all the officers, and of all the greasy mess I ever saw, that was the worst. The captain got up on a chair and pulled a revolver, and asked what was the cause of the assault, and was

a special favor to allow me to shake his hand before I died, as I knew my earthly career was about done for, and by that time the battery was buzzing, and I reached out my hand to shake his. He gave me his hand, and when I began to squeeze his hand the electricity went up his arm so he turned pale, and I hung on and he yelled to the officers to take me off, as I was killing him, and the sweat stood out on his face.

The mate grabbed hold of me and I gave him my other hand he began to dance, and the three of us were as full of electricity as a trolley wire. I hung on and made them get down on their knees and swear they would not lick me, and then I let go of them and began to weep again, and they were sorry for me.

Then they made me tell them who I was, and that I was going to France to meet Pa, and monkey with airships and when they were sure I was Peck's Bad Boy they said I could have the free run of the ship and that I had the right to play all the tricks on anybody that I wanted to.

They made me show them how I worked my little pocket battery and then they wanted me to shake hands with all the crew so they got the whole bunch in the cabin, and the captain said they had been entertaining an angel unaware, and that I was the original Bad Boy, who had traveled all over Europe and met the crowned heads, and he wanted to introduce me to each member of the crew personally, as a distinguished guest who honored the ship by being on board. Then he began to pass them up to be shook by the great and only.

The first fellow to put out his hand was a Greek, who drew a knife on me

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